



Och aye, mon. It's the haunted Hogmanay edition of the spookiest comic around, THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS! It's a time of celebration, a time to ring out the old and och aye the noo! Slimer has invited his Uncle McSlippery Slimer to have a shindig at the local all-night burger bar, but an unwelcome guest arrives in a weird tale entitled Hogmanay Haunting! The New Year theme continues in a seasonal tale called Busted Promise!

The Real Ghostbusters are having dealings with a glittery ghoul that's turning everything to gold in Ghoul's Gold! There's also the start of a fabulous new two part story, The Spook From Outer Space!

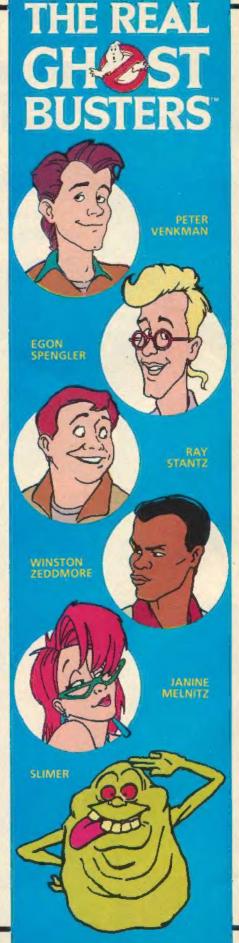
Apart from all these fantastic stories, there are lots of your favourite features, including a special New Year Blimey! It's Slimer! So, Happy New Year!

CONTENTS

Ghoul's Gold!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Hogmanay Haunting!	10
Busted Promise!	13
The Spook From Outer Space! - Part One	15
Dead True!	
Ghost Writing	
Next Week Box/Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS Editor STUART BARTLETT Art Assistant EMMA MARSHALL Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS^{IM} is published by MARVEL COMICS LTD., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1990 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS





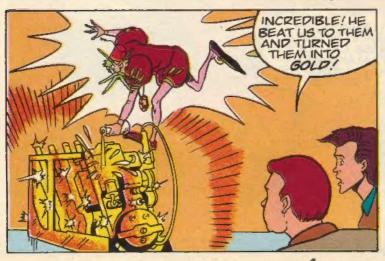
















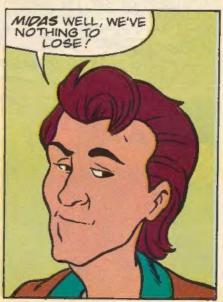


































WE DID IT! LOOK, EVERY-THING'S BACK TO NOR-MAL! HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WOULD WORK? I REASONED THAT EVEN IF THE UNIT WAS TURNED TO GOLD, THE MECHANISM WOULD STILL WORK. NUG-GET'S GREED DID THE REST!





SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

In the Museum of Illinois. next to the Gallery of Neolithic Artifacts, is the Mezzanine of the Uncanny, where one might find a number of intriguing gold These uncovered by Doctor Digby 'Dig Deep' Digger at an unspecified excavation in Asia during the late seventies, have been the subject for fierce academic debate ever since they first came to light. Digger's initial suggestion as to their purpose was that the monarch, whose remains he had uncovered. had been mad about having the best possible things around him and therefore had had his palace furnished with solid gold objects. Professor Morton of Queenstown, however, vehemently disagrees, commenting that even the most money-mad monarch wouldn't go to the extremes this king seems to have gone to. Why a gold cat? A gold toothbrush (with golden toothpaste on it)? A crumpled gold hanky? A gold packet of crisps. Prof Quill says the Digger finds are conclusive proof of the existence of King Midas, whose touch was reputed to turn all things to gold. This would explain a great deal (the stroke marks on the cat for a start).

If all this is true, then it is clear that King Midas was



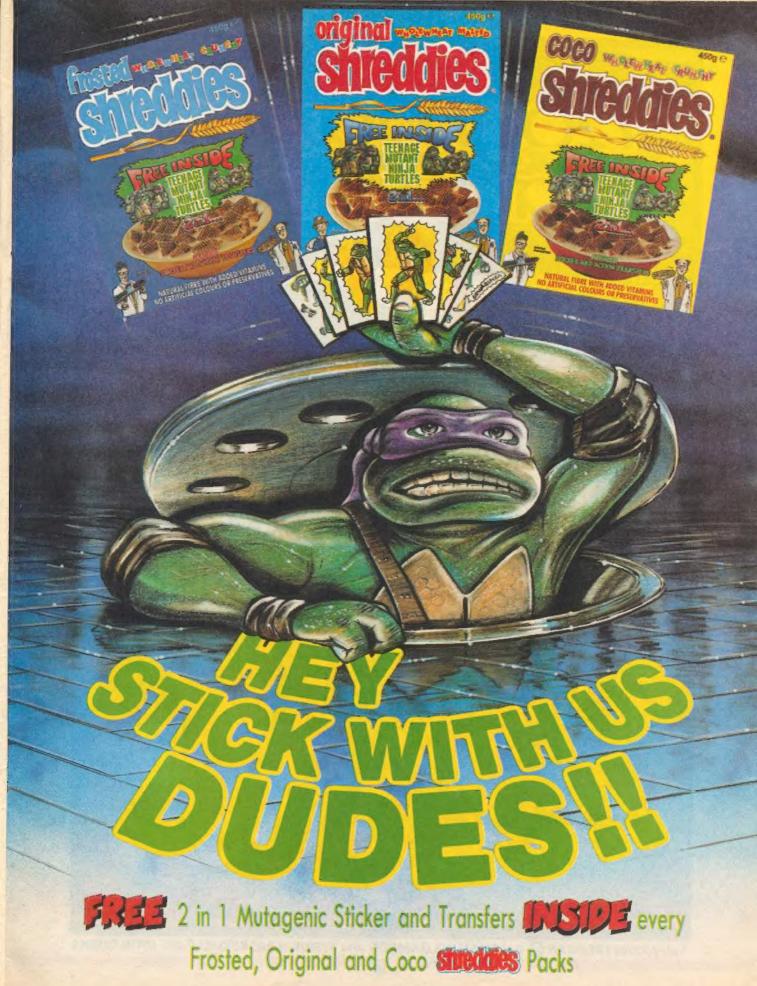
PART 134

capable of a rare paranormal ability called transmutation. Midas was capable of doing with his bare hands what medieval Illchemists had spent lifetimes trying to achieve.* And alchemists too come to

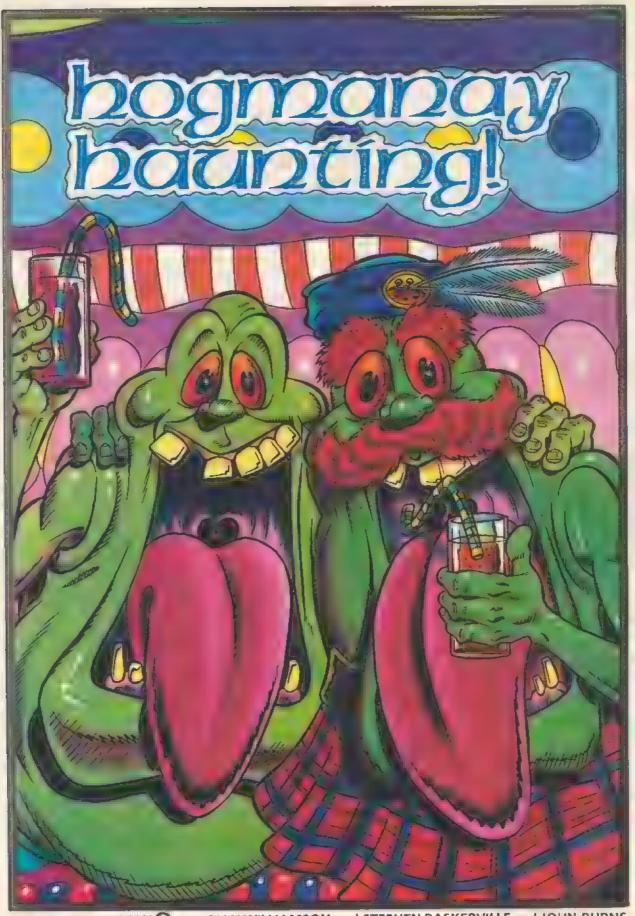
Transmutants have a hard time of things, so it's probably a good thing they're rare. In recent times, young Eddie Spult of Virginia displayed transmutant abilities from an early age, his touch everything turning knotty Eddie has been banned from school, where break-time games of 'tag' drove teachers to distraction, and he is now being cared for in a special clinic in the Midwest where therapy is being used to try and stop him from picking his nose. Eddie's medical bill for splinter removal alone is immense.

Colin Walnut, the paranormalogist from Denver, Colorado, has written an interesting book on the subject of transmutation called Transmutation: A Touchy Subject. Not everything Colin says is to be trusted, most particularly his claim that he himself was a transmutant as a child, with the uncanny ability to turn things round with his bare hands. I quote from chapter three: '... my mother came into the lounge just then and cried out 'Harry! He's done it again!' and I saw that it was true. The TV, the mantle clock, the pictures on the wall, with my own bare hands I had somehow turned everything round!' But Colin does have some interesting stories to tell transmutants through history, including an interesting reinterpretation of 'The Goose that laid the Golden Eggs'. However, the story of 'The Man that laid the Golden Carpet' is a lot less interesting, and I think a touch on the daft side.

*Illchemists were medieval sages who spent their time trying to control the physical forces of nature in order to tie their own shoelaces.



ADVERTISEMENT



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

It's New Year and The Real Ghostbusters know they're in trouble - but they think they can avoid it. How wrong can they be!

t was New Year's Eve. Janine was in a wonderfully good mood — checking the Christmas decorations and adding a HAPPY NEW YEAR banner to the ones already over her desk. She hadn't a care in the world.

The Real Ghostbusters, on the other hand, knew almost exactly what was supposed to be happening to at least one of them on New Year's Eve. This knowledge didn't make them happy at all. The four men sat dolefully in front of the television in the lounge. Peter looked across at Egon, who had strapped himself to a special chair and a bank of instruments and asked, almost nervously, "You haven't changed into anything, then?"

"No, Peter, "Egon replied calmly. No trace of cross-DNA interchange. You know, I'm beginning to think that Requardillion's story was completely conjectural. From a purely scientific point of view, I was quite looking forward to being changed into something else."

"Demons may lie," said Winston sternly, "but when we busted Requardillion a few weeks ago, he was more surprised to see us than we were. Take my word for it, when he said he was going to change Egon into something on New Year's Eve, he meant it."

"Hey, if we busted Requardillion a few weeks ago and he gives us trouble now and disappears back in time, does that mean we won't be able to bust him tonight?" asked Ray, suddenly awake.

"That's going to make things difficult if he does turn up, isn't it?"

"Exactly, Ray" said Egon, unstrapping himself from his machines and checking his watch. "When we meet Requardillion in the Big Dipper Burger Joint tonight we have to let him go, even if that means I become—"

"A Peach Melba," suggested Peter, "Whatever Requardillion changes me into, we have to let him do it or the continuity of the time stream could be irrevocably incapacitated," finished Egon.

"He means broken," explained Winston

to a puzzled-looking Ray.

"Exactly, Winston. Now if only there was a way we could avoid going to -"

"Guys! Trouble at the Big Dipper Burger Joint on Fifth Avenue. I think it's Slimer and that Scottish pal of his. The one with the noisy pipes."

The Real Ghostbusters looked grimly at each other and then shrugged. "That's where it happens," said Ray. "That's where we're supposed to meet Requardillion and Egon gets turned into ... something."

Without another word, his face grim, Egon headed for ECTO-1 and possible doom...

Meanwhile, at the Big Dipper Burger Joint, two ghosts were in serious trouble, which could make them history. "Slimeree not eat that many burgewrees!" wailed Slimer as the restaurant's manager stood over him, angrily waving a large bill in his face. Slimer's Scottish friend, his Uncle McSlippery nodded.

"Yon bill's far too expensive, anyways," he gurgled, looking angry. "What's wrong with your sense of New Year spirit, mon?"

"I don't like New Year spirits that eat five hundred dollars worth of burgers and don't pay for them!" screamed the manager. "I've called The Real Ghostbusters. They'll sort you out!"

"Hopee Peteree in a good mood," moaned Slimer, "or we could be spending New Year in the Ecto Containee!"

ECTO-1 screeched to a halt in front of the Burger Joint and the four Real Ghostbusters leapt out, Proton Guns bristling. "I've got two positive traces," said Winston, studying his PKE Meter. "Both Slimer Free-Floating Ectoplasms.

"Never mind them," snapped Peter,

"Where's Requardillion?"

"Nothing on the PKE. Strange, though—the background ectoplasm level looks a bit weird." Egon raised his Proton Gun at the Burger Joint's Manager. "It's you!" he shouted. "You're the demon!"

"Wrong, Ghostbuster," said the manager, shifting in shape, "The whole joint is me! With that, the Burger Joint seemed to wobble, splinter and fold in on itself "Yings!" squealed McSlippery. "It's a

demon!"

"I'm disappointed," snarled Requardillion the Burger Joint Manager, huge teeth growing from his mouth and long, clawed arms extending from a bulging Burger Joint Manager suit. "How did you see through my trap so quickly?"

"A little demon told us," he blustered, firing his Proton Gun at the growing

Requardillion.

"I bet it was that Ponquadragor, he's always out to spoil my fun. Ah well, you've seen my shape changing powers. Who's first to try them out first hand? You?" Requardillion raised a grizzled hand towards Peter. Peter pointed at Egon. "No! It's him you're supposed to

change. He's the one!"

Requardillion grinned. "You can't fool me," said the demon. "I know which of you is the dreaded Egon, Keeper of Tobin's Spirit Guide. It's frog time, With that, a wave of incandescent light blasted from the demon and before you could say "Ribbit", Peter was a frog. He gave a despairing croak and leapt for cover under a table, before anyone could stand on him.

"Who's next?" said the demon, flexing his hand in front of the remaining Ghostbusters as they fired at him again, to no effect. Requardillion giggled and held up a medallion that glowed an evil green. "As long as I wear this, your science has no power over me," he cackled. Slimer suddenly gave a wail of glee and together

with his Uncle, they both dived for the demon. "Slimer, no!" shouted Egon, but they'd made their minds up. Requardillion snarled with rage as he was blinded with ectoplasmic slime. Then Slimer grabbed the medallion, snapped the thin chain it was on and threw the thing to Egon, who grinned. "You're history!" the demon shouted, raising his hand to fire another bolt. Egon raised his Proton Gun and fired first. "Hmm, good idea!" he grinned. Requardillion dodged the beam but decided it was time to vanish. "Another time, Ghostbusters," he snarled and disappeared.

Suddenly, the Burger Joint was no longer there and the Real Ghostbusters were standing on Fifth Avenue, two slimy ghosts beside them and a puzzled-looking toad at their feet. "It's over," said Egon. "Requardillion's disappeared into the past, where we finally busted him and

I wasn't changed into anything."

"Peter was," said Ray, picking up the frog.
"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said

Egon.

"Because Peter altered the time stream by telling Requardillion who he was going to change, the demon changed the person he wasn't supposed to, altering the time stream, which means that right about now, the time stream should alter back to the way it should be and Peter won't be changed at all because he wasn't supposed to have been changed in the first place, because he never should have been. You understand?"

Nearby, a clock started to chime twelve midnight and the New Year was about to begin. Ray looked at Winston, who looked at Slimer, who shrugged, who looked at McSlippery, who dripped slime all over Peter the Frog, who started to change back to Peter Venkman, The Real

Ghostbuster.

"Er, Happee New Yearee?" said Slimer, hopefully.

"Rivvit!" croaked Egon.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS











Story DAN ABNETT Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and BAMBOS Lettering BAMBOS Colouring STUART PLACE













HE REAL GHOST







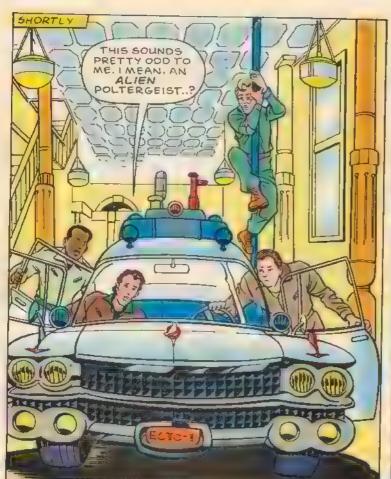












































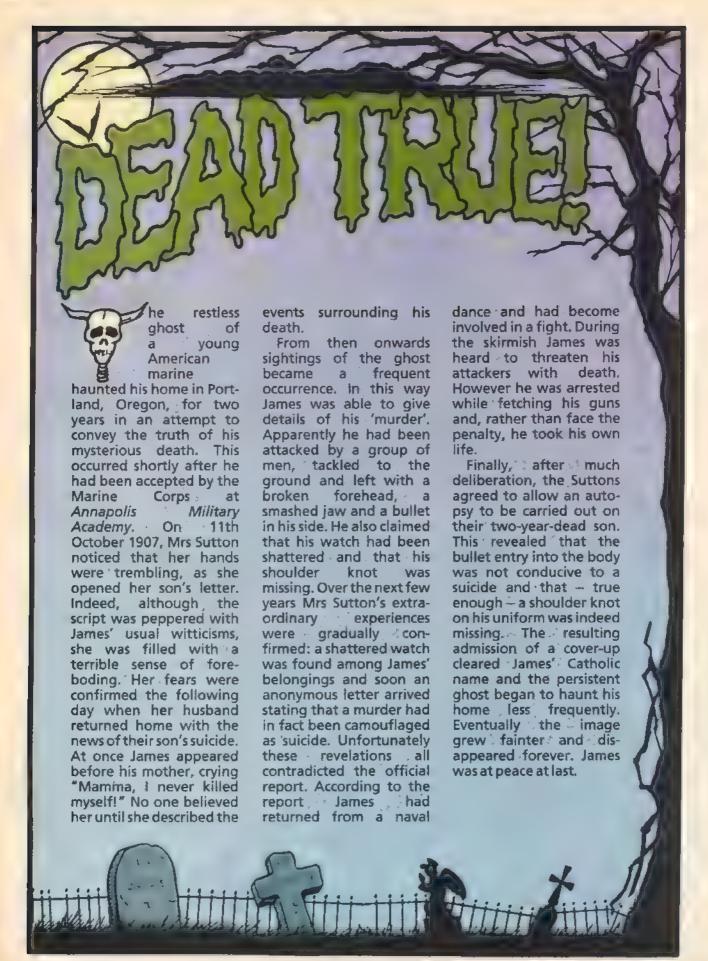


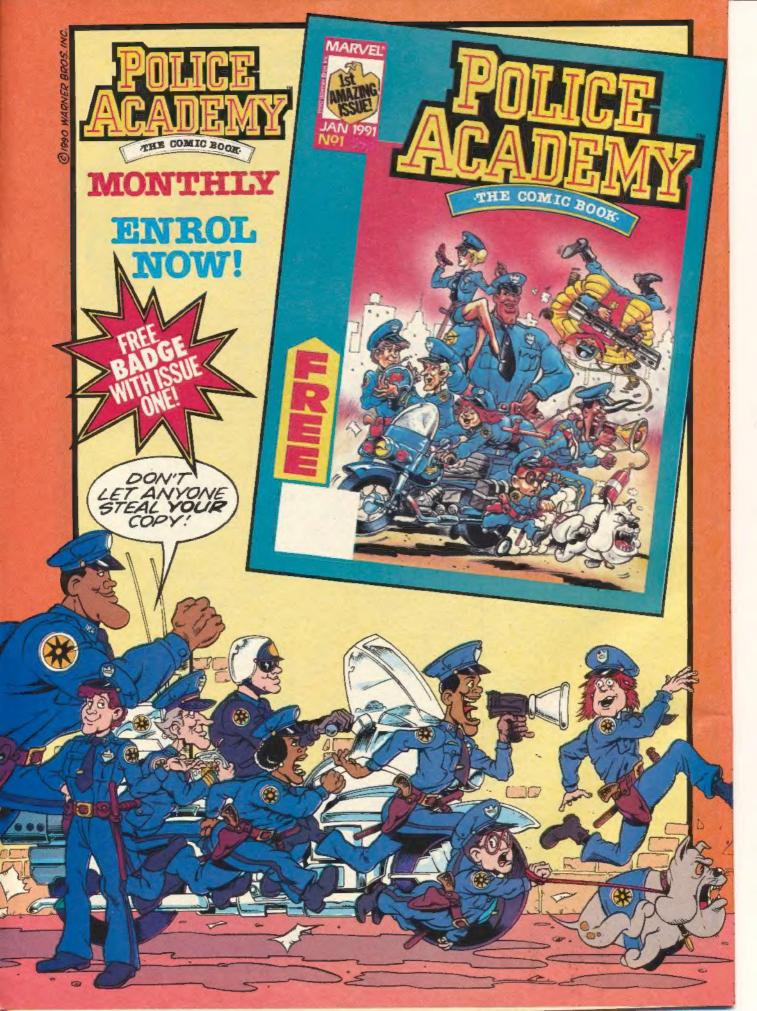












GH&ST WRITING!



Yol Here we go again delving into the hideously unknown. Yep, it's time for me to face your letters again.

Dear Peter. . .

- 1. What is in a ghost?
- 2. How did you join up?
- 3. Who is the oldest?
- 4. Can you fit two ghosts in one Ghost Trap?
- 5. Have you got a girlfriend?
- 6. Can ghosts write?
- Michael Newman,
 Canterbury.

1. Well, not much really! 2.
Egon, Ray and I were kicked
out of Weaver Hall University,
so we had to do something
and what could be better than
to bust some heads, in a
spiritual sense. 3. Er, um, err
... I think I am. But not by
long I'll have you know! 4.
Yep. As long as they are
trapped at the same time. 5.
There's only one woman in my
life, and that's Dana. 6. Yes,
but I wouldn't want to read
any of it. If it's anything like

Slimer's writing, it's probably best left well alone. I wouldn't touch it with ten metre cattle prod.

I have six questions to ask you:

1. How many times has Slimer slimed you?

- 2. Has Egon ever shouted at you?
- 3. How many sandwiches does Ray eat a day?
- 4. How many pairs of glasses has Egon got?
- 5. How long has Winston been in your team?
- 6. How long have you had Slimer?
- Luke Tuchscherer, Beds.

1. Yuk! That of green spud slimes me at least once a day, and since Egon is the expert in maths, I'll leave it to him to work out how many times that adds up to. Let's just say enough is enough, especially when it means you have to bathe more often. 2. What, me? Are you kidding? He's always shouting at me in his own mild-mannered kind of way. He thinks I shirk my working responsibilities, and doesn't think I studied hard enough when we were all at Weaver Hall together. I don't know, some people, 3. I really wouldn't like to say, but, since you're asking, let's just say that there isn't very much of the loaf left at the end of the day! 4. Egon's got about five pairs - one pair for reading, one pair for doing research. one pair for Ghostbusting, one pair for looking serious and intelligent and another pair for looking for all the others. 5. Winston, as you all well

know, was the last
Ghostbuster to join, but he has
been with us now for over six
years. Phew! That's a long
time busting ghosts, isn't it! 6.
Slimer, unfortunately, has
been with us even longer than
Winston. He was the first
ghost that we busted way
back when, and it was only
when things started getting
hectic that we had to hire
Winston. And a nicer person
we couldn't have wished to
employ.

Dr Venkman, I have some questions for you:

- 1. Do you know how to set your Proton Pack on overload? 2. Why don't you fly ECTO-2 in
- 2. Why don't you fly ECTO-2 ir the comic?
- 3. Do you have underwater Proton Packs?
- 4. If your Proton Pack was blasting on overload, could it destroy a whole block?
- Russell McLean, Southport.
 PS. You are my favourite
 Ghostbuster!

Why, thank you very much. Russell! It's nice to know some people have got some taste these days. 1. Yes, but it's not a very good idea to do it. 2. Because I'd probably catch the propellors in the pages. 3. We had them specially adapted to work underwater and you'll see them in an exciting undersea adventure that will appear in the comic soon called 'Shiver Me Timbers!' 4. I've got a feeling that it would even make a nasty hole in the fabric of time and space, but then I'm not qualified to say those things as much as Egon and Ray are.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



